THE HALF-CROWN TEA, Best in the City. {J. B. MART.} 110, Borough Buildings, London-rd. Prove it by buying half-a-pound on trial.

114

Vol. II.—No. 43. MANCHESTER, Saturday, June 5th. Price One Penny.

VOWEL A WASHING MACHINE,
A very useful and popular Family Machine, price £3 10s.; with newly-improved India-rubber Wringer, extra strong, £5 12s. complete.—See Catalogue.
BRADFORD & CO., Cathedral Steps, Manchester.

VOWEL E COMBINED WASHING, WRINGING, & MANGLING MACHINE.
Price £8. 8s.; efficient, simple, and of acknowledged superiority.—See list of prize medals awarded.
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BRADFORD'S WRINGING AND MANGLING MACHINE,
With improvements, perfect as a Wringer, unequalled as a Mangle.—CATHEDRAL STEPS, MANCHESTER.

VELOCIPEDE MICHAUX

The COMPAGNIE PARISIENNE beg to inform the nobility and gentry that their cefebrated Velocipede Michaux will for future bear the title of COMPAGNIE PARISIENNE, in addition to the word Michaux, on each machine, without which none are genuine.

S. DAWSON, Junr.,
Parsonage Chambers, 56, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER,
Is our only authorised Agent for Manchester and district.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES £3. 3s. to £6. 6s
Silver Horizontal ditto, £1. 10s. to £3. 3s.
Gold Lever ditto..... £7. 10s. to £21. 0s.
Gold Horizontal ditto, £3. 3s. to £7. 7s.
Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY
Of every description, in new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS
In great variety.
T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.
88, DEANSGATE.
Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

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Tailors and Habit Makers,
52, MARKET STREET,
MANCHESTER.
Gladstone Buildings.

VICHY WATER.
36s. per Case of 50 Litre Bottles.
THE MINERAL WATER COMPANY OF VICHY,
Under the control of the State, have the honour to announce that the GENUINE WATERS can be had from their
REPRESENTATIVES—
James Smith & Company
26, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.
11, Lord Street, Liverpool.
28, High Street, Birmingham.

Grant & Co.'s Trousers, all Wool, 13/-
Grant & Co.'s Trousers and Vest, all Wool 17/6
Grant & Co.'s Brighton Coat, 20/-
Grant & Co.'s Showerproof Overcoats, 17/6
Grant & Co.'s Boys' Suits from 8/-
Grant & Co.'s Youths' Suits ,, 15/-
GRANT & CO.
TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, & OUTFITTERS,
136, DEANSGATE,
CORNER OF BRIDGE STREET.

NO MORE DEAR MEAT.—Important to heads of families. Just arrived from Australia, the finest Mutton in the world. Fully 3d. per lb. cheaper than English. In Tins, 7½d. per lb.; smaller quantities, 8d. per lb., COOKED & WITHOUT BONE.
WILLIAM T. BAX, Provision Merchant,
75, STRETFORD ROAD.

FIRST ARRIVAL IN THE CITY.
Just received, a Consignment of the
Australian Meat Company's
READY-COOKED
MUTTON & BEEF,
SOLD WITHOUT BONE,
In 6lb. TINS, at 3s. 9d. per TIN,
BY
J. W. SCOTT, FAMILY GROCER,
276, DEANSGATE.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

WM. JAS. WRIGHT,
TAILOR,
58, LOWER KING STREET,
MANCHESTER,
Respectfully invites his Friends and the Public to inspect his very choice Stock of Spring Goods.

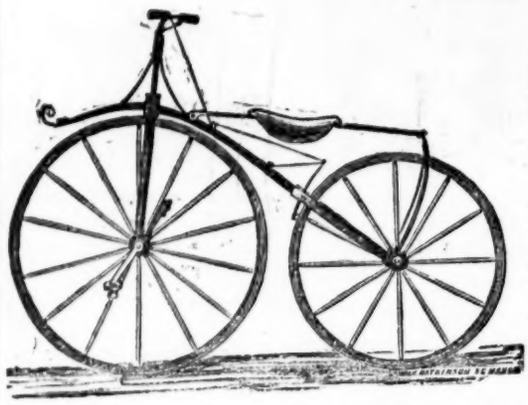
WM. JAM. WRIGHT,
Schneider und Hutmacher,
58, LOWER KING STREET,
MANCHESTER,
ersucht höflichst die-Deutchen Herren in Manchester, und Umgegend sein Grosses Lager in gewählten Fruhlings-Waaren anzusehen.
WILHELM BRAUN, Vorschneider.

JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven," Oxford-st., (St. Peters). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, & Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

HUSBAND'S NEW PATENT VENTILATING HATS, 35, MARKET-ST.

THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY,

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.



THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY beg to announce that they have **OPENED** the immense basement of the **FREE TRADE HALL,** for the **SALE** and **HIRE** of their Patent Two-wheeled VELOCIPEDE, the "VELOX," which is cheaper, and in many respects better than those of other makers. Purchasers of the "VELOX" are allowed the free use, until perfect, of the Great Hall (nearly a quarter of an acre in extent). The National Velox Company also HIRE Velocipedes, by the hour, to the general public, at a small charge. Every facility given for Tournament practice. Gentlemen who have bought other makers' Velocipedes, and require practice, will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity, as they will have a perfectly level floor, great space, allowing the highest possible speed to be attained, and seclusion.

In order to keep the attendance select, the NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY charge Sixpence for admission, which is returnable to those hiring Velocipedes.

VELOCIPEDE MAKERS
Can be supplied with
WHEEL TIMBER of the finest description
(Bent Rims, White Hickory Spokes, Saddles, &c.) at
THURMAN'S BENT TIMBER WORKS,
New Wakefield-st., Oxford-st.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Improved Service of Express and Fast Trains to and from London.

THE Service of Trains between Manchester and London by Midland route, will from the 1st June, and until further notice, be as follows:—

UP TRAINS.	Govt.	WEEKDAYS.		Govt.		SUNDAYS.
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester, *dep.*	6-55	9-45	1—0	3-30	5-30	4-45
London (St. Pancras), *arrive*...	12—5	2-45	6-40	8-35	10-45	10—0

DOWN TRAINS.		WEEKDAYS.				
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (St. Pancras), *depart*...	6-15	9—0	10—0	11-45	3—0	4-40
Manchester, *arr.*	12-15	2-40	3—0	5—5	8—5	9-40

SUNDAYS.
London (St. Pancras) .....*depart* 2-30 p.m.
Manchester .....*arrive* 9-35 ,,

Through Carriages run between London and Manchester by all trains.

The Midland Company's Trains are in connexion at Kentish Town with Trains to and from Moorgate-street, and the whole of the Metropolitan system.

From the 1st June the Midland Company will run their own Trains between Kentish Town and Herne Hill, in connexion with the main line trains of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, affording direct communication between Dover, Ramsgate, Margate, &c., and all parts of the Midland system. Through Tickets will be issued between the principal Stations on both Railways.

For further particulars see Time Tables issued by the Company.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, *May*, 1869. General Manager.

MONDAY, June 21st,
IS THE
LAST DAY for TICKETS.

1869.—NINETEENTH SEASON.—1869.

Art Union of Great Britain.

ONE SHILLING PER SHARE.

1,637,677 Tickets have been sold in the eighteen previous drawings, and 19,852 PRIZES distributed, including 4,604 Paintings, in amounts varying from 200 guineas downwards, being ONE PRIZE in each 82 Tickets.

THE DRAWING FOR PRIZES
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
WEDNESDAY, June 30th, 1869,
And will consist of upwards of
ONE THOUSAND PRIZES.

First Prize:
"A NOBLE WIFE".....W. H. FISK.....£150
Second Prize:
"The MORNING EXPRESS"..J. P. PETTITT..£126
Third Prize:
"A TIGHT FIT".....J. KENNEDY..... £63
and about 150 other Paintings, from £60 down.

[Particulars in Prize Lists.]

Tickets, ONE SHILLING each, entitling the holder to one chance in the drawing, may be had from the various Agents, or will be forwarded direct by the Secretary on receipt of envelope (stamped and directed), together with postage stamps or post-office order for the number of Tickets required.

JAMES G. LAW, Secretary,
39, Oxford-street, Manchester.

Every Saturday, price One Penny.

THE SPHINX,

A Journal of Humour and Criticism.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS during APRIL and MAY.

THE CLUBS OF MANCHESTER:—
1. The Conservative.
2. The Union.
3. The Albert.
4. The Clarendon.

HOLIDAY NOTES:—
1. Wastdale and Christopher North.
2. The Ascent of the Glyder (North Wales).
3. A Walk to Rostherne.
4. Ambleside and Hartley Coleridge.

CHURCHES AND PREACHERS:—
The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
A Morning with the Unitarians (Rev. W. Herford).
A Morning with the Swedenborgians (Rev. J. Hyde).
Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
A Children's Chapel.
Whitsunday at St. Mary's, Hulme, (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse.)
Birch Church (Canon Anson).
The Stowell Memorial Church.

THE DRAMA:—
After Dark at the Royal.
The Amateur Actors at the Athenæum.
The *King o' Scots* at the Prince's.
Miss Bateman.
Mr. Bandmann as Hamlet.
Mr. Phelps.
School at the Prince's.

REMINISCENCES OF THE MANCHESTER STAGE:—
6. Actors and Managers.
7. Jim Browne; Marie Wilton.
8. The Leclercqs and the Paynes.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES:—
A Bicycle Race in the Free Trade Hall.
At the Flower Show.
The Owens College Athletic Sports.
Miss Lydia Becker and Mrs. Cassidy.
Good Friday on the Bowdon Line.
May-Day at Knutsford.
The Cumbrian and Westmorland Wrestlers.
Crossing Swords with H.M.'s Iniskillings.
A Seance with the Spiritualists.

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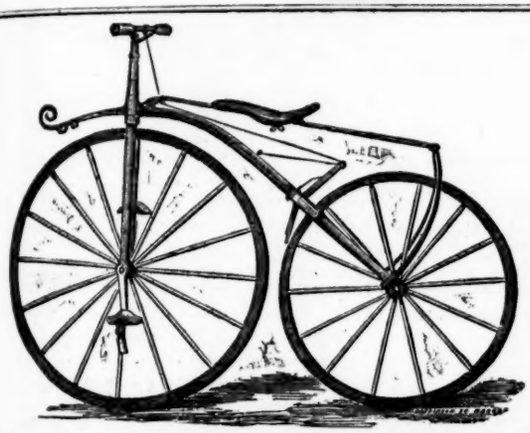

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THE BEST
French & American Two-Wheelers,
AT
112, PORTLAND STREET.

TWO SPACIOUS ROOMS FOR PRACTICE.

VELOCIPEDES!!

JOHN FLETCHER & SONS,

PATENTEES OF
VELOCIPEDES OF THE BEST CONSTRUCTION and WORKMANSHIP.

EAGLE FOUNDRY, CLOWES STREET, CHAPEL STREET,
SALFORD.

A LARGE ROOM FOR PRACTISING. INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN TO PURCHASERS.

RUPTURES.
EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862
Was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the
IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS.
Deformity Instruments, Artificial Limbs, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.
28, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

GARDEN HOSE, with BRASS WORK
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FISHING STOCKINGS, TROUSERS AND BOOTS,
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FLEXIBLE HOSE for GARDENS
fitted with Taps, Jets, Roses, Spreaders, and Unions.
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THE INDIA-RUBBER SPONGES and INDIA-RUBBER CORKS have only to be seen and tried to be appreciated and adopted.
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VELOCIPEDES of the best construction and workmanship, at JOSEPH HALEY'S, Machinist, 10, Corporation-st., Ducie Bridge, Manchester.

JONES'S TIC-DOLOREUX PILLS,
Invaluable for the relief and cure of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, Ague, Erysipelas, Consumption, Nervous Disorders, &c. Sold in Boxes at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., & 2s. 9d. Post free for 9, 15, and 36 stamps. Sole proprietor:
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J. HAYWARD,
(For several years Manager to the late firm of Scholes & Co.)
Window Blind Manufacturer
5, JOHN DALTON STREET,
MANCHESTER.
Sun-Shades of every description made to order.

JOHN SLACK,
CARVER AND GILDER,
BEGS to draw attention to his celebrated manufacture of CHIMNEY GLASSES, which for purity, stability, design, and genuine gilding, cannot be surpassed in England; prices as low as such an article can be produced for—from £4 to £30. Window Cornices in every style; genuine gold, 4s. to 12s. per foot. Picture Frames of every pattern and price. J. S. would also mention his very superior work in Re-gilding, for which he will be glad to give estimates, and will guarantee its genuine quality. Needlework neatly framed. Artists advantageously treated with.
17, LEVER STREET, Piccadilly.

LYONS' INKS.
Prize Medal, Paris, 1867;
Honourable Mention, London, 1862.
LYONS' Blue-black Writing and Copying INKS.
LYONS' Red, Blue, and Black INKS.
Also Extra Strong Copying INKS, to give Six Copies.
Sold by all Stationers.—Depot, Fennel-st. Manchester.

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VELOCIPEDES. WILMOT HOLT & Co., 8, York-st., Manchester. VELOCIPEDES.

Pure Water, Elliott & Co.'s Carbonic PRICES from 6s. 6d.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—GREAT OUTFIT ESTABLISHMENT,

125 & 127, OLDHAM STREET.

THOMAS PEEL takes this opportunity of thanking his patrons and the public generally for their kind support during the 20 years he has been in business, and begs most respectfully to submit the following prices.

Having had 32 years' experience in the Underclothing Manufactures, will be a guarantee for goods worthy of the pre-eminence to which his establishment has attained.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING Department.

Long Night Dresses, in dozens, half dozens, or singly, 2s. 6½d. to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, with frills, 2s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 12s.
Ditto, insertion, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, Needle Work, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 60s. each. French and English Designs.

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Needle Scollop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Stomacher Fronts, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 30s., to 50s.

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Plain, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 10½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
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Mull Muslin, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
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Ten Tucks, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
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With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
With Insertion, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. 6d., to 60s.
With Flouncings, &c., 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 90s.
With Frill 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 45s.

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Lancashire, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 10s. 6d.
Saxony, 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s., 15s., to 42s.
Coloured, ditto, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., to 36s.
Silk, Satin, Eider Down, Arctic, and a great variety of Fancy Skirts, at nominal prices.

LADIES' NIGHT CAPS.

Several Hundred, French Manufacture .. 4½d.
Ditto ditto .. 6½d.
Ditto London .. 8½d.
Ditto London, with Needlework ..... 9½d.
Ditto ..... 1s.
Ditto ..... 1s. 3d.
Ditto ..... 2s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Glasgow ..... 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
Ditto, Alexandra ..... 11½d.
Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

LADIES' DRESSING GOWNS.

Printed Cambrics, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d. to 25s.
Ditto, Flannel, 10s. 11d., 15s., 21s., 30s., to 45s.
Ditto, Cashmere, 50s., 60s., 80s., to 140s.
White Muslin, 14s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s., to 50s.

TOILET.

Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d., to 18s. 11d.
Muslin, ditto, 5s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 15s., to 30s.
Printed Cambric, ditto, 2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d.

LADIES' FLANNEL, MERINO DRAWERS,

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White and Scarlet Saxony Drawers .. 5s. 11d. to 14s. 6d.
Welsh Flannel ..... 6s. 11d. to 9s. 11d.
Swan Down ..... 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Twill ..... 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino ..... 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool ..... 5s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.

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Flannel ..... 3s. 9d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino Vests ..... 1s. 11d. to 8s. 6d.
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Merino Vests and Drawers, complete. 10s. 11d. to 15s. 9d.

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Thread, German make, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
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These are from the most celebrated Makers.

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Infant Shirts, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
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INFANT CHRISTENING Department.

CHRISTENING ROBES, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 11d., 15s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 16os.
FRENCH MERINO CLOAKS, braided, quilted, and trimmed, all of great beauty, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6., 12s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 60s., 90s., to 170s.
BEAUTIFUL HOODS and HATS, in CASHMERE, Silk, Velvet, and Felt, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., to 30s.
SILK and VELVET BONNETS, 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 15s.
90 dozen White Brussels and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
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SHORT CLOTHES.

Round Shirts, 6½d., 7d., 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., to 4s. 6d.
Stays, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 18s.
Drawers, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 11d., to 10s. 6d.

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Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

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20 dozen Shirts, size, 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

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Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

500 Pieces 36 inch Longcloth .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5d.
70 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto 8½d
10 Pieces Twill ditto 6½d
32 inch Longcloth in proportion.
50 Pieces Haircord Muslin .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.
50 Pieces ¾ Linen Lawns .. .. .. 10½d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
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10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
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5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
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5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
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Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
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40 Dozen .. .. .. 11½d. half-dozen.
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 2½d. „
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 4½d. „
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 6½d. „
50 Dozen .. .. .. 1s. 9d. „
50 Dozen .. .. .. 2s. „
And so on to .. .. .. 9s. „
Ready Hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s. „
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Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.
Every Article Marked in Plain Figures.

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TO ERIN'S ISLE.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her bending pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving:
Thus loth we part from those we love,
From all the links that bind us,
And turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

TOM MOORE.

"TICKETS, please!" The doors are closing. One after another, I hear them going to, lower down the train, with a prompt, official bang. "All right!" The wheels begin to waken up from their short nap, with a "Bub—bub—*bub*-ub—bub-ub-ub!"—and, as we move off, the lingerers—(there are people so habitually behind-hand that they seem to like the perturbation of the thing; it becomes a necessary stimulus of their existence; and they are always to be found stranded among the shallows of life, till death drifts them into the shoreless ocean from whence there is no returning sail—there are others who pride themselves upon running the thing as fine as possible, to show their dexterity; and these generally end by breaking their necks)—but, apart from that—the foolish virgins—by the bye, some of them are not virgins—however, "all's one for that"—the foolish virgins come rushing up to the departing train as if it was their last fleeting chance of procrastinated salvation; one after another they come, panting and perspiring, and have to be pushed into the carriages at the risk of their limbs. The latest of them all is dragged back by the porters, as he is making a frantic effort to ram himself through one of the windows. We leave him there, puffing, and staring, and mopping the moisture from his limited forehead, as we glide across the—well—say the slutchy Irwell. I am sure that if that once pellucid home of the finny tribes—if that filth-conquered solitude, where now no fish abide, has any sense of its fallen estate, it will not object to the phrase. Away we went, across the Irwell, and through an atmosphere that seemed to clog the wheels of the struggling train. Away we went, over a forest of undistinguished chimney-tops—and over the swarming streets of dingy, tasteless, but, unhappily, not flavourless Salford—depressing to the mind, and delightless to the eye. God help Doctor Syson! That estimable conservator of the health of Salford must have a nice time of it. How any ordinary son of Adam can exist, year after year, in that weltering gutter of gin-shops and slutch, without becoming utterly reprobate, surpasses me to know. But, thank heaven, there is a strange vitality in the human heart, which can cleave the mortal bounds of outward circumstance, and soar into regions that neither smoke, nor stench, nor unrelieved gloom, nor glaring ugliness, nor boiling cauldrons of unholy witch-broth, nor "the inhuman dearth of noble natures," can utterly contaminate. Adieu—sweet charnel-house! The air smells of hearses, and prison-vans, and adulterated drink, and festering cess-pools. Adieu, for a while!

The noble tower of Manchester Cathedral recedes. The dingy little episcopal chapel of Salford—which looks smoky and dissipated, and redolent of the public-house aromas around—which looks as if it was sick of a whole century of pithless sermonry; and, in spite of the noble liturgy which its walls have listened to so long, was beginning, at last, to give in to "the world, the flesh, and the devil," as it stands there, in the midst of its native Gomorrah, like Lot's wife, unable to fly to the mountain, and awaiting, in gloomy putrefaction, the general impending doom. Poor old chapel! As it fades away, in the smoke behind us, it reminds one of a slack-hafted parson, unfrocked for injudicious fuddling. The prison, the park—if it be a park—the spires of St. Stephen's and St. John's, and everything else of mark, that helps to relieve or to deepen the all-embracing mournfulness that pervades Her Majesty's ancient borough of Salford, glides by, until that Dead Sea of monotonous brick melts into Pendleton—where, here and there, one begins to recognise a patch of ill-nurtured grass, trying to look green under difficulties. These patches grow larger and greener as we go, till the last driblets of inhabitable Pendleton die away into the vale of Clifton, and the fair face of nature, blithe in her posied mantle of returning spring, filled all the air with a restorative charm of peaceful loveliness.

The vale of Clifton—part of the ancient Pilkington estates, forfeited by Sir Thomas Pilkington, for his adherence to Richard the Third, at Bosworth Field—the vale of Clifton, with Kersall cell, where one of the knightly Byrons of the olden time, retired from courts and battle-fields to end his days in religious seclusion—the quiet valley, with its winding stream, its green cloughs, and woody slopes, overlooked by the ancient tower of Prestwich Church, glides away behind us. We pass many a picturesque little clough, bright and gay in the fresh greenery of spring—with, here and there, a dusky colliery, and, here and there, a mill—till, at length, we come to the smoke and bustle of Bolton-le-Moors, a spot associated with so many remarkable men, and so many stirring memories of times gone by. Bolton! These great manufacturing towns of Lancashire succeed one another upon the line, at short distances, like beads of ebony, upon a green string. The railways of Lancashire are great rosaries of industrial life. Bolton is not a nice station—though it is a good deal better than some; and it does, indifferently well, for a great stream of hard-working comers and goers. The next town we come to is Chorley; and, as we spin away from the station, I catch a glimpse of the grey tower of the parish church, the burial-place of the Standish family—which awakened remembrances of Miles Standish, the puritan captain, whose story is told so well by Longfellow. The country, now, gets greener and quieter, as we roll along; and Rivington Pike sails into sight, on the right-hand side. At the green hamlet of Leyland we show our tickets; and then comes the tail end of the beautiful valley of the Ribble, with its noble river, and its pleasant park—and the handsome side of "Proud Preston," overlooking the park, and the stream, and right across the picturesque country, up to the bold eminence which is crowned by the historic ruins of Hoghton Tower. The associations of Preston stretch far back, into ancient British times. The Romans had a strong camp there, down at Walton Bridge (as was distinctly proven, and brought to light, by that careful and conscientious antiquary, Mr. Charles Hardwick)—and Preston has seen a great deal of the stirring events of English history, from the earliest times—especially during the Cromwellian wars and the Scotch rebellions. Even in our own day, it has played an active part in the great drama of northern life.

Leaving Preston, the evidences of manufacturing life fade from sight behind us; and agriculture rules the scene, all the way hence, down to the sea. We are spinning along, now, through the green and quiet Fylde. At one of the quiet stations, a square-built, bluff young Lancashire fisher gets into the carriage, accompanied by an admiring young friend, whom he has just met with. The young fisher is very communicative to his friend; and he tells him that he has "nobbud bin six week wed, an' he's two stone heavier, o'ready!" "Never sewer!" replies his friend; "Never sewer! Get end'ays wi' tho, owd lad! Thaa'll be a bonny weight in a bit—i' tho doesn't get takken daan!" The young fisher then looks quietly through the window, and says, "There's for evermoor o' game abaat here!" His friend replies, "Aye—oi know that—varra weel!" They are silent a little while; and then, the last speaker turns to the young fisher again, and says, "I guess thaa'rt noan teetotal, Jack, arto?" "Noan soa!" replied Jack; "noan soa, marry! There war a chap i' Pou'ton, as axed mo one day iv I'd 'sign—an' be a brother'—but I towd him that I wur nought at o' related to th' family—an' I had noa thowts o' being." They are silent again, for a minute or two; and then the young fisher takes up the same theme again. I begin to suspect that he is rather of a boastful and exaggerative disposition, too, for he says to his friend, "Sitho, Bill! I can ston twenty glasses o' brandy, an' feel naa warse for't—naa then! I've hed fifteen to-day, o'ready—an' look at mo naa!" To which a gray old shaver in the opposite corner of the carriage replied quietly—"That 'll not last long."

We are not far from Fleetwood, now; for off at the right hand of the line, I see straggled masts rocking upon the waters of the Shard. I

suppose the word "shard" has some affinity with our word "shred." A shred of the sea—which is exactly what the Shard is—for the sea rushes up the narrow channel of the Wyre, some two or three miles, and then widens out, at the Shard, into a kind of lake—remarkable, among other things, for those incomparable mussels, known by the name of "Hambleton Flookin's." * * Here we are, at Fleetwood! The tide is rising; and great logs of pine, upon the banks of the Wyre, are beginning to float again. The train slackens speed as we run by the station, upon a siding which takes us on to the wooden pier, from whence the steamer starts. We catch a glimpse of the town in passing. It is the same place still—in the same chrysalis condition. Healthy, I dare say. The natives look remarkably so. But, it is the same Fleetwood, still. Deadly-lively; and desolately-clean. The whole town looks as if it was waiting for something; and the quiet streets seem to gape—like hungry mouths, longing to be filled. Two soldiers from the barracks, smart as Durham mustard and clean as new pins, from top to toe, are pacing abreast, with martial precision, leering at the girls and swinging penny switches as they go, with all the footpath to themselves. They seem to know that all creation is standing still, in amazement, till they go by. Here and there, a slow-motioned fisherman saunters along, at the rate of thirteen miles in fourteen hours. But, yonder, a railway porter hurries across the street, to the hotel, on a message—which makes that part of the town look busy—for he is the liveliest thing in sight, except a lad, at the street end, who is dancing single-step, with his lips cocked, and his hands in his pockets, and his eyes staring vaguely forth into the wide world.

At the pier there is a little crowd, waiting for the train—railway porters, fishermen, idlers, and an eager, and thoughtfully-planted array of touters for places of refreshment—of the milder kind. A blear-eyed virgin, with a printed card in her hand, and a quarter of a pound of blue glass swinging at the flap of each ear, rushes towards me—"like a cock at a bilberry"—and enquires, over and over again, at the different departments of my face, if I want any tea. I don't feel as if I did want any tea; and I tell her so, in rapidly diminishing tones of painfully-assumed civility. She turns away at last, and I get free—I don't know how—only I know that I don't go to tea. But, I have no sooner wriggled myself out of her well-sustained importunity, than I perceive that there are several others of the same kidney waiting, in single file, to assail me "in like manner." I have to run the gauntlet; and I do it, somehow. And, at last, as I descend the wooden stairs in peace, I soothe my ruffled temper by the thought that, after all, they are struggling to get an honest living.

The luggage is aboard the Prince Arthur—and so am I, and I intend to stay there; for, though the boat cannot start till near high water, which will be about ten o'clock, I am determined to "gang nae mair to yon town," as the song says. It wanted two hours to the starting-time. As I paced the deck, almost alone, the air was keen, and it seemed singularly clear to the eyes of one long time in smoky city pent. The rosy hues of sunset were flushing the wild outlines of the distant Cumberland hills with dying splendour; and the green level of Preeshall, on the opposite side of the Wyre, gradually faded into a dusky tract of indistinguishable shade. There was not a soul in sight upon the pier, now; and very little stir upon the boat. The luggage was covered up; and there were fewer passengers than usual. Two or three sailors were lounging about the clean deck, looking lazy and listless; but you could see at a glance that there was a great deal of slumbering work in those quiet fellows, which would waken up the minute it was wanted. One of them was crooning, as he paced slowly to and fro—

> For, oh, a light heart, and a thin pair o' breeches,
> Will carry you over the world, brave boys.

That declining day was beautifully serene and clear. Now and then a boat glided noiselessly across the Wyre; and the ripples of the tide were tinged with the glow of sunset. There was a fine new carriage on board, muffled up in tarpaulin; and as I went down below I could not help wondering what Irish grandee it was intended for. There were very few people in the saloon. A kind of stately hush pervaded that dimly-lighted scene of mirrored splendour; and when I heard the steward whisper something about "Lady Dufferin's Page," a kind of tremor came over me. I looked slyly from one to another, in the saloon, thinking to myself, "That'll be duke, or something!" But, as there was no outward and visible sign to distinguish those about me from ordinary mortals, I gradually grew calmer, and fell, at last, to reading. I read on—till, at last, a great clatter begins, over-head; and then a bell rings; and the people in the saloon whisper to one another—"We are off!"

It was a cold, clear, starlight night. As we glided slowly down the channel of the Wyre, the bugles at the barracks were singing the soldier to rest; and I could hear the same strains ring out, again and again, from different parts of the receding town, as we churn seaward, under the deepening shade of night. There are three camp-stools planted on the lee-side of the funnel, just behind where the captain stands. It is snug, and warm, there—or, rather, it is very hot on one side, and cold on the other. I sit down to gaze at the dark, mysterious waters, and listen to the churning paddles. "Starboard!" says the captain. "Starboard, sir!" replies the man at the wheel. "Steady!" "Steady, sir!" "Nor'-west-by-north!" "Nor'-west-by-north, sir—r!" and so on, till we get well away from the mouth of the Wyre; and then, the captain sits down by the funnel, and begins to chat with an old friend—keeping a bright eye upon the waters a-head, all the while. The lights along the Lancashire and Cumberland coast grow more dim and distant; and the wild, heaving sea looks solemnly-grand, by the light of the stars! I sit by the funnel, with the dense smoke flying over my head, across the gloomy waters—the heat at my back, and the cold in front. The captain's friend comes from somewhere about Birkenhead. They are talking about bicycles. The captain's friend tells some wonderful stories of his feats upon the velocipede. He tells some stories, indeed, that would stagger—even the marines. The captain, evidently, thinks so, too; for, after a minute's pause, and a sigh, that seemed to say, "Lord, how this world is given to lying!" he looks quietly up at the smoke flying over-head, and says, "Our new-painted mast is catching it!" and now, a man comes round from the other side of the funnel, and reports to the captain—"A sight, well off on the port bow, sir!" "Yes," replies the captain, "I see it!" The captain's friend is beginning his romance again, as a tall, slim gentleman comes up to the funnel, leading a muffled lady, who is evidently a little qualmish. We all rise to give her a seat. The gentleman and his lady sit down together, by the funnel. She is not well; and she lays her head upon his breast.

It is now midnight; and I dive below. The only persons in the saloon are two gentlemen playing at cards. I make a few notes, with a greasy pencil, in a cheap memorandum book, and then sit awhile staring around, and listening to the thump of the engines, and the whispers of the card players—"Trump!" "High to me!" "Jack and the game!" "That's four!" It is finer on deck—in spite of the cold; so I go aloft, and take my seat by the funnel again. And there I remain, gazing silently at the solemnly-impressive scene—with the heaving sea beneath me, and the stars overhead! * * It is past three o'clock. Day is dawning upon the Cumberland coast. Feeling cold—in spite of the hot funnel—I go below, and creep into my berth, hoping for a nap. It is no use. There I lie, in a neat cupboard, two feet three, by six feet long, staring up at a patch of white ceiling, within eighteen inches of my nose—and longing for the broad light of day. It is no use! The attentions of "nature's soft nurse" are absorbed by these snoring pets of her's in the other berths about me, and really, when I look round at them, out of this sleepless little snowy purgatory of mine, I cannot, for the life of me, understand why the dear old girl has given them the preference. But,

> Fate will have her way, brave boys,
> Let a man do what he can!

It is now nearly five o'clock. I turn out again, after a sleepless lounge. We are passing the Ramsay end of the Isle of Man! Historic Mona's weird isle—"where the silver mist gathers." It is a lovely morning; and Snaefell stands finely out in the clear air. The Isle of Man grows dim behind us; and passengers begin to straggle up to the deck, one after another, looking bleared, and ashy, and shivery; and those that have seen one another before, bid each other "Good morning!"—with a kind of Arctic grin—like hypocritical icicles, pretending to be warm. The Mull of Galloway comes next in sight—the foremost Scottish ground—on the right hand of our watery way, and, soon after that, the Irish Morne mountains, on the opposite side, with the lofty cone of Slieve Bloom, overtopping them all, are in full sight, with the coast of "Green Innisfail," stretching along, in all its beautiful variety of hill and dale, and creek and bay. The town of Bangor comes next; and

the far-stretching, beautifully-wooded shores of the left-hand side of the loch—with one spot that I always look for with a kindly eye—that is, the dwelling-place of Sharman Crawford, long time the noble-hearted representative of my native town in parliament—the dwelling-place that knows him no more. The pleasant watering-place, called Holywood, comes next; and I am quite absorbed by the beauty of the scene, until I find that we are so near Belfast that it is quite time to dive again, and put myself into decent trim for morning presentation.

We are passing Queen's Island. And now—here I am, at the pier of Belfast, once more—

In Erin's isle to sport a while.

LAUGHTER.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

IN the piece of work called Man, his sense of humour and capacity for laughter are gifts, the value of which probably few of us fully appreciate. True, one may experience enjoyment and be amused without laughing, and one may laugh without being glad; for, as Solomon says, "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Nevertheless, an occasional burst of hearty, honest laughter contributes to both the moral and physical health. It dissipates bilious secretions, expands the chest, exorcises mental demons, stimulates the digestive organs, and provokes a healthy appetite. In the words of the sage already quoted, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones." Possibly there is no wretch in existence so "cradled in misery and baptized with tears," who is not sometimes moved to laughter. A human being with all gaiety and cheerfulness stamped out of his existence, would be like blotting the sun out of the heavens. Mercifully, time assuages griefs and afflictions which seem at first to be unendurable, and the most bereaved can learn to

pass the grave
Which has to-day its sunny side,

and to submit with resignation and cheerfulness to the inevitable.

Crushed and oppressed with shame, grief, and melancholy, Hamlet observes: "I have of late lost all my mirth, foregone all customs of exercises, and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilential congregation of vapours." This is a picture of a man who has lost all his mirth. Melancholy men are occasionally mirthful and possessed of much humour, imparting mirth to others, for the sources of tears and laughter lie very close to each other. The tradition that the Man of Sorrows was often seen to weep, but never to smile, is full of awful and ineffable sadness.

Laughter is very contagious. We have often seen a number of people engaged in uproarious cachinnations, and have involuntarily joined in their mirth, without having the slightest idea what it was all about. One may sit in the company of a lot of clowns and boors, who are in a state of boisterous merriment, and the utmost penetration will be unavailing to discover the cause of their hilarity. A word or phrase, which possibly is associated with some humourous incident or idea, puts them all in a state of uproarious enjoyment. Very little avails to make an entire audience laugh. The voice of a favourite comedian, heard behind the scenes, sets them all a-laughing, before he makes his appearance. The joyous, silvery laugh of Mrs. Nisbet used to stimulate the whole audience into a state of enjoyment, and their faces beamed with pleasure before she appeared before their eyes. A trifling and untoward incident will upset the gravity of a large assembly, although their sympathies may be engrossed with more serious considerations. We have seen a cat walk solemnly across the stage, with tail erect, to the utter discomfiture of Macbeth apostrophizing the impalpable dagger; and, on one occasion, Mr. Kean's large Newfoundland dog trotted on to the stage, and threw the audience into convulsions by sniffing at the expiring Romeo. Even in church, sometimes incidents occur which provoke a titter, for mistakes will occur in the best regulated congregations. We once saw a large sheep dog fall with a crash from a lofty gallery, plump upon a lady's bonnet; not the fashionable *toque* of the present day, but a goodly edifice as big as a coal scuttle, composed of brittle substances, with a superstructure of artificial flowers. The animal, with a loud yelp, tore out of the tabernacle, like the swine possessed with devils which rushed into the sea, mentioned in Scripture, and we fear that the remainder of the officiating clergyman's discourse did not tend to edification.

We trust we are not naturally irreverent, or in the habit of speaking evil of dignities, and, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, we hope we have a becoming respect for those who are set over us in the faith. Nevertheless, we are bound to admit, that occasionally the pulpit performances of some preachers have been too much for our gravity, unused as we are to the laughing mood in a place of worship. At all times, some preachers have been addicted to cracking jokes, uttering facetiæ and *bon mots*, and even making puns in the pulpit. Numerous stories of these clerical jokers in Manchester and elsewhere are current, and at the present day, a noted preacher in London, on the Surrey side of the river, owes much of his reputation to certain jocular expressions and whimsical familiar illustrations, of which he makes ample use. Rowland Hill's jokes are well known, such as his informing a congregation at Wapping, that they were notorious, yea *wapping* sinners, and his telling a number of people who took refuge from the rain in his chapel, that he had often heard of religion being used as a cloak, but never as an umbrella before. Some preachers create amusement by the unconscious eccentricities of their style, and others by a manner often ludicrously affected. Not many years since, an energetic Irish parson, not one hundred miles from Bedford Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, showed such comic powers in the pulpit, that it was next to impossible for a stranger to see and hear him preach without having his gravity upset, and the actors used to go from the theatre to hear him, for the purpose of learning how to play an Irish part. The richness of his brogue, his Milesian features, the merry twinkle of his eye while demolishing a controversialist, and the unctuous chuckle with which he exclaimed, at the same time brandishing an imaginary shillelagh, "Oi think Oi have blackened that oi," were irresistible. One cannot but smile at preachers of the Rev. Charles Honeyman school, studious as to the arrangement of their hair, the get-up of their cambric, and a good deal of the ring and finger business. Of these we have lately lost a brilliant specimen in a versatile gentleman who has seceded from the Anglican church, and taken to the elocutionary platform. We remember another preacher whose style of delivery always afforded amusement to strangers. It was a mixture of the colloquial, familiar, and declamatory style, accompanied by a bye-play peculiar to himself. He was an inveterate snuff-taker; at every pause he produced his box, and took a large pinch. After thrusting the powder up his nose in the demonstrative manner peculiar to snuff-takers, he produced a plum-coloured handkerchief, and with its assistance he made a noise resembling that produced from a moderately loud trumpet, to which succeeded a colloquy, then a declamatory passage, during the delivery of which he drew forth a spotless white handkerchief, after the manner of representatives of Hamlet, P. of D., in his soliloquies, then the snuff-box again, followed by the coloured wipe, and the performance on the trombone as before. Many years since, we remember another preacher, who was quite unable to compose a sermon himself, and who could neither read nor recite one provided for him. To overcome this difficulty he affected a tremendous show of earnestness, and if he did not succeed in tickling the ears, he at least succeeded in riveting the gaze of his hearers upon him. Such was his nervousness and consciousness of his incapacity, that it caused him to go through the most astonishing gesticulations and manual exercises in the pulpit, tossing his arms about like Mr. Justice Whiteside, elevating himself upon his tip-toes, and then sinking down until he was almost lost to sight, shaking his curly locks like the ghost of "the blood boltered Banquo," and with clenched fists, beating the devil's tattoo upon the cushion and book before him, until the dust flew about in

all directions, and the perspiration ran off his face in streams. This exhibition was not amusing. It was painful, and came to a tragical end.

Too keen a sense of the ridiculous sometimes makes people laugh at inopportune times. We have seen persons burst out laughing, on being suddenly informed of the death of some one for whom they really had a regard. Perhaps some occult chord had been struck, which tickled their easily excited risible faculties against their own inclination. In our own experience we have suffered severely from the pangs of suppressed laughter at a funeral. Once upon a time, duty called upon us to take part in a funeral cortége, which had to travel seventeen miles to the place of interment. There was a scarcity of room in the mourning carriages, and, with a ghastly ingenuity, one of the chief mourners mounted the box, beside the driver of the hearse. By way of antidote to the cypress-like gloom of the nodding plumes around him, he consoled himself by smoking a short pipe during the greater part of the journey. The surrounding accessories were dreary enough, but the sight of the chief mourner aloft upon the hearse, the top-heavy draped hat, and the smug sense of enjoyment of tobacco reek depicted on his face, formed a combination too grotesque to withstand. We verily believe he would have travelled inside, if he could have found no other place.

Another even more trivial incident upset us on a similar occasion, and this was the appearance at the grave of a near relative of the deceased, in a pair of cerulean blue pantaloons. There is nothing very wonderful in a pair of blue breeches, and probably, had they appeared at the funeral of a poor person, they would have had no effect upon us. As it was, however, the black coat and blue trousers were nearly the death of us; for, what with efforts to conceal our untimely laughter, by cramming a pocket handkerchief half-way down our throat and shading our eyes, we experienced a peculiar all-overishness and pain about the pit of the stomach the reverse of agreeable. We fear that the other mourners must have put us down as an abominable hypocrite, endeavouring to assume a show of violent grief.

Smiles and laughter are not invariably the outward signs of inward enjoyment. "A man may smile and smile, and be a villain." There is the loud laugh which speaks the vacant mind, and that sound dreadful as any which salutes human ears—the laughter of a maniac. There are also the sneering laugh, intended to wound; the provoking incredulous laugh of the listener, who evidently does not believe a word of what you are saying, and who is probably a great liar himself; the mocking laugh of Mephistopheles, the tempter; the reckless laughter of the reveller and the wanton; the laugh of derision, and the hopeless laugh of despair.

Artificial smiles, like most other meretricious adornments, are very unpleasant, but we have seen the most extraordinary effect produced upon the human countenance by a natural smile; faces, which in repose were positively plain, illumined and transfigured into beauty by the magic of a smile. The peaceful, gentle smile of serene old age is most agreeable to beholders, and the smile of a first-born infant sends a glow of rapture into the parental heart, albeit the sensation is ruthlessly dispelled by the assertion of the constituted authorities, that it is only caused by flatulency within the body of the unconscious babe. Forced merriment is unpleasant to witness. It betokens no joy on the part of the laugher. "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool: this also is vanity." It has been well said that we enter this world with a cry and leave it with a groan; nevertheless saints have died with a smile upon their lips, as if the Celestial City were already in sight, and the gates open. A cheerful, gladsome spirit defies adversity, is in harmony with nature, and chimes with the music of the spheres. It is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

MOTTO FOR AN OSCULATORY GIRL OF THE PERIOD.—Go it, my two-lips!

SONG.

Adapted, for the Town Clerk's singing, from a *Carol of Cockayne*, to commemorate the excellent longevity of the County Coroner, whose jurisdiction within the precincts of the city, was, after its incorporation, pensioned off.

I never reared a young gazelle,
Because, you see, I never tried;
But had I fed and nursed it well,
No doubt, the creature would have died:
Yet Rutter, who, for ages gone,
The town has been maintaining well,
Will still persist in living on:
I would he were a young gazelle!

I never bought a tree or flower,
Because I always grow my own:
But if I had, the wind or shower
Would o'er its blight have made me moan:
Now Rutter from his functions wan,
I've bought off with an annual dower,
And yet he will go living on:
I would he were a tree or flower!

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MR. ROBERTSON'S sparkling comedy, *School*, has drawn fair audiences at the Prince's Theatre during the week. It is very enjoyable, and the acting is good, although marred by some blemishes which might be easily remedied. In the first place, most of the performers speak in so low a tone that they are completely inaudible in remote parts of the building. We have been all over the house, and the complaints of this defect are almost universal. Mr. Younge, the manager of the company, is the chief offender. His utterance is thick and indistinct, and much of the beauty of the moonlight scene between Lord Beaufoy and Bella is utterly lost. The noise in front of the curtain at this house is intolerable. If Mr. Calvert, like Haroun Alraschid, would disguise himself, and visit the various parts of his dominions, he would soon find out what we complain of. The theatre is so near the street, that passing cabs and omnibuses are distinctly heard. There seems to be no attempt made to deaden the noise. By way of addition, the officials contribute largely to the nuisance, by making sudden and harsh sounds, in banging, locking, and unlocking doors. In the midst of the most interesting passages, boys thrust playbills under the noses of the pit-goers, and shout, "Bills of the play, a penny!" During Mr. Phelps's engagement this nuisance was bad enough, but the impetuosity of the actor, and the short work which he made of the intervals between the acts, kept the audience in subjection, and there was less stamping and creaking of boots than usual. Miss Ada Dyas plays the part of Bella very nicely, and Miss Brunton is demonstrative as Naomi. The gesture regarding the chignon is very diverting, but we are sorry to learn that school-girls wear these artificial appendages. We always thought they were composed of their own hair. Mr. Craven's Jack Poyntz is disappointing. We don't blame him so much for modelling himself on Mr. Bancroft, but we find fault with him for imitating the weak parts of that gentleman's acting. What, for instance, is the meaning of all that "business" with the eye-glass? If Poyntz was so short-sighted as to be obliged to stick a glass in his eye to look at a pair of goloshes which he held in his hand, or see the food he was eating, how could he have shot a mad bull in full career, "between the horns," with a rifle bullet? The eye-glass work is tiresome, and not in the least funny. Moreover, a man of Jack's nonchalance would not gobble up his lunch in the voracious way in which Mr. Craven despatches that meal; and when gentlemen are out shooting they don't partake of copious potations of wine, and pull and puff at their cigars as if they were momentarily afraid of them going out. Mr. Ray labours under the disadvantage of having to act a part immortalised by Mr. Hare, but he contrives to make Beau Farintosh effective, and his assumption would be still more so if his "make-up" resembled the late Field-Marshal Lord Combermere more closely. In Mrs. Dyas, the representative of the schoolmistress, we recognise an old Manchester favourite, who used to perform here many years since as Miss Reeve. How long since we

scarcely care to say, but our readers may form a guess when we tell them that it was at the old Theatre Royal in Fountain Street.

Liverpool, like Manchester, has lately formed some new clubs, amongst others, one named, like ourselves, after the fabulous monster with the face of a virgin and the body of a lion. Mr. Anthony Trollope, the distinguished novelist, has consented to be president of the Sphinx Club.

The enemies of burlesque—amongst whom, we devoutly hope, are all our readers—must not congratulate themselves on its decline too soon. Four bran-new ones are now not only alive and kicking—especially kicking—cellar-flap kicking—in London, but actually are the staple of the programmes in which their names appear. Two of their present habitations, Strand and Royalty, are the recognised homes of balderdash; but it is melancholy to see that a burlesque is the chief entertainment at each of the two new houses—Gaiety and Globe—which began their careers with original modern comedy of the highest class. These four theatres seem to be prospering. So do the French plays at St. James's. The other houses mostly seem to be in a feeble way. Although it is the height of the season, the Lyceum and the Princess's are closed; the Olympic is nearly so, and the Adelphi and New Queen's have different programmes almost every week. Only the Haymarket, the Holborn, and the Prince of Wales's—where *School* is still emulating Deerfoot—are in wholesome health.

Many lovers of books in Manchester appear to be entirely unaware of the extent and excellence of the collection in the Free Library at Campfield, and to which valuable additions are being made from time to time. The Reference department now contains the large number of forty thousand volumes, all well housed and well cared for. The catalogue is, in its way, a work of art, and reflects credit on all who have been concerned in its compilation. A glance over its pages shews us that the library is very valuable, and contains, besides a vast number of useful books, many which are scarce and curious. We find, for instance, a perfect copy of the first edition of *Paradise Lost* "compleat;" a copy, minus only the title-page, of the first edition of *Acts and Monuments of the Church*, a work now better known now as Foxe's *Book of Martyrs;* a splendid copy of the Second Folio of Shakspere, which formerly belonged to John Philip Kemble; and a copy of the first edition of one of the first books printed in England, *The Golden Legend*, printed by William Caxton in 1483. This very curious volume was bought five years ago, at the sale of Mr. Charles Bradbury's collection. As the title-page and many pages at the beginning and the end of the book were wanting, it was thought to be a "Wynkyn de Worde." Dr. Crestadoro appears not to have been satisfied with this description, for he sent it to the British Museum for verification. At first, the authorities there decided that it was a copy of the second edition of Caxton's *Golden Legend*. Its torn and dog-eared leaves were admirably repaired, and it was elegantly bound by the Museum binders, who sent it into the library for instructions as to the lettering on the back, when the national librarians, on a second examination, pronounced it to be the First Edition, and it was lettered accordingly. The *Golden Legend* is a book of lives of the Saints. It is printed in a black-letter, which closely resembles the beautiful hand-writing of the fourteenth century. It has fine vigorous initial letters in red, and some cuts which, though rude, are from a powerful pencil. It is very satisfactory to observe the care which is taken of the rare and valuable books in this library, and a pleasure to acknowledge the intelligence and courtesy of Dr. Crestadoro, the principal librarian, and his assistants.

Between the bibliographical and the popular administration of the Free Libraries, there is, however, all the difference in the world. A casual grumble, in the letter-column of one of the daily papers, against the treatment of borrowers at a branch library, has called forth a host of corroborative statements, and there seems good reason to believe that the management of the branches, and perhaps we might say of the lending departments generally, is extremely lax and unsatisfactory. The plea of long hours (8-30 a.m. to 9 p.m.) put forward by the assistants at the Hulme, Rusholme Road and Ancoats branches, furnishes an excellent reason for the adoption of the eight hour, or some other modified system, but is no palliation for the insouciant indifference and carelessness displayed towards the citizens who desire to avail themselves of their own property.

A WHIT-WEEK EPISODE.

THANKFULLY DEDICATED TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE MANCHESTER ROYAL INFIRMARY.

IT is Whit-Friday, 1869, and a field-day with our school. Our school is a regiment nearly 1,000 strong, with two staff-officers—a rector and curate, to wit—and some fifty captains and lieutenants, *i.e.*, teachers, male and female. It has its field-days like any other regiment, and this is one of them. "One of them," mark! There was a review of the infant battalion on Monday, ending in a (tea) fight. On Wednesday, the whole regiment had a grand march-out, round the parish—full dress, flags flying, everything complete, except the weather, which threw cold water on the proceedings. On Thursday, officers and "men" (poor little bodies!) celebrated the "trip"—the crowning festival of Whit-week—a festival whereon clergy and teachers assume a responsibility they have no right to undertake, and, indeed, cannot discharge—a festival which annually places thousands of our Manchester children in danger of life and limb, from crowded platforms, trains following one another in rapid succession, sudden changes from stiflingly-hot carriages to the cold air, besides other and minor dangers arising from the fact that, let loose from the train, children are like quicksilver globules, and scatter in all directions, only to be brought together again, towards the close of the day, by a promise of milk and buns. For seven or eight hours they are their own masters, in a strange country. Poor little bodies (we repeat the phrase), it is no fault of theirs, after all, if hedges be broken, and fields trespassed upon, and coverts disturbed, and farmers and gamekeepers driven out of their wits by the invasion. Small blame to the one meek curate, and the company of teachers (many of whom were scholars themselves a short time ago), if they cannot be each of them in twenty places at once, or make the strong, wilful lads and romping lasses walk hand in hand, and two by two, along the roads, boarding-school fashion. Bad luck to the system, growing like a snow-ball, year by year, which has taught the children to expect a railway journey, and to grumble if they don't get it! Never mind. It is over now for twelve months, and perhaps, in that time, people will grow wiser.

And now it is Friday evening, and drawing towards the close of our last field-day. We have had another march-out, another (*i.e.*, a third) tea-party; and, since then, there have been field-sports, races—all sorts of fun. It is a large field, and there is a large company in it—clergy, teachers, scholars, friends; delighted parents, exchanging grins with "our Billy" and one another; big brothers and sisters, who are too old, you know, to attend school, but not by any means too old to look on, at Whit-week, and even to join in a game or two; members of the congregation, pompous papas, and substantial mammas, and charming young ladies, who—we mean the young ladies—fall into raptures over the "dear children," and sadly distract the attention of our amiable curate. Then there is a miscellaneous assemblage of ragamuffins, who get chased away only to return again in no time; women with baskets-full of indigestible lolly-pops and sour oranges; and men who have exhausted their capital in pop and wheel-barrows. Altogether, we muster strong.

Trip, indeed! Apart from the danger, why cannot teachers and children alike confess that they enjoy themselves just as well, if not better, in a field like this, even although the said field be only a mile from their Parish Church? Drop-handkerchief, and skipping-rope, and going round in big rings, singing

> Oh the famous Duke of York!
> He had ten thousand men;
> He marched them up the hill,
> And he marched them down again.

and

I'm the head of the army:
One, Two, Three.

and other circular games, which mean kissing when the parson's back is turned; cricket, foot-ball, rounders, "slap-ear" (a capital-game for the looker-on), leap-frog—why, everybody is at work, and merry! And then there are the races—the grand centre of attraction and source of fun. A big parcel was brought into the field two hours ago; a parcel full of tops, and bats, and jointed dolls, and belts, and combs; yes, and brooches, and necklets, and cuffs for the elder girls, purses and knives for the bigger boys, to run for. The parcel is almost empty now. There have been races by the dozen; races for big and little: for great girls who are half ashamed to run at all, and for wee toddles about the height of six-penn'orth of copper. Then there have been sack-races, and races backwards, for the lads, and a *grand* race up a bank and down again, after the Duke of York's fashion. The curate has been clerk of the course, and puffs again with excitement and shouting. The rector has formed the winning post, and blandly suffered himself to be run at and violently clutched, without remonstrance. The teachers have run about, clearing the course, like policemen on the Derby Day. "Our Billy" has won a bat, and stalks about, at least a foot taller. "Our Betsy," flushed and perspiring dreadfully, is the proud owner of a brooch which *looks* uncommonly like gold and precious stones, and which will figure on her frock next Sunday, in school and church. Everybody has raced, and laughed, and applauded to his or her heart's content; and now "the shades of night are falling fast," and surely it is time to be going home.

Wait a bit. That insatiable curate is not satisfied yet. There is a good deal of confabbing and arranging, and then the news flies round the field that the teachers are to have a steeple-chase—the teachers and senior scholars—a real steeple-chase, with fences and a ditch, and a good long run. The fences resolve themselves into a rope, held about four feet from the ground by two willing helpers, over which the runners have to leap, both going and returning; but the ditch is a reality, nearly dry, but wide enough for a good jump, the ground sloping towards it on either side. The rector again acts as Post—starting-post and winning-post, both in one. The runners are drawn up in two lines, the three younger ones a few yards in front, the four elder and bigger ones at scratch. Their course lies down the hill, taking the rope on the way, then over the ditch at the bottom, up the incline on the other side, round two teachers who act as turning point, and then home again, by the same way as they went. What are they racing for? Oh, a trifle in the money way, which the winner, if he be a teacher, will give to his class. One, two, three, and they are off! A good start, and well together. Intense excitement on the part of the spectators. It is the school's "Grand National," the "Blue Riband" of the week.

Ah, there goes one fellow over on his face! Caught his foot in the rope, and dragged it down. Also, tripped up two of the other competitors, and there is a Laocoon-like tumble of three. One of them loses all heart, and gives up. The other two shake themselves, and are off again. And now, the ditch! Some leap, some scramble through. One lad turns a somersault, and rolls over, on the far side. Never mind! The pace is too good to think about him. They have rounded the turning point, and come back to the ditch again in another minute; and then, in a long tail, they mount the hill for home. Once more, the rope! But there are only three who race over it, and, with a rush, a long-legged, wiry-looking teacher comes to the front, and passes the Winning-post (who has been gazing through his eye-glass with delighted attention), amidst much cheering from everybody, but especially from the boys of his class. A general verdict of "good race" is returned, and so an end to the matter.

Not quite, though. What is that lad about who kissed mother earth at the ditch? See, he is lying still on the grass, though, by the way, not *still* at all, but writhing about, as if in pain; and there is a gradually increasing crowd round him, until he vanishes from view in a circle of boys and girls, pushing and crushing one another, as is the custom of people, little or big, who want to see something in their midst. "Please, sir, they say he's broke his leg," says a voice close by. "Nonsense, boy," returns the Winning-post: "sprained his ankle, you mean." But, upon our word and honour, it is true, the poor lad's leg is broken clean across, like the stem of a "churchwarden." He must have caught his foot in a rut, and wrenched it round. At any rate, the leg is fractured a little above the ankle.

And now, of course, a rush from all parts of the field, and frantic crowding round the sufferer, until much scolding, and even forcible arguments in the way of sticks and whips, have to be used, and then the poor fellow is hoisted on to the shoulders of two teachers, while two others steady him and them together, and a messenger is sent forward to hail the first cab, and bring it to the field-gate. Five minutes more, and a hansom having been fortunately found, the winner of the race—and a better fellow could not have been chosen for the purpose—jumps in, and receives the patient in his arms, while we crouch down upon our heels in front, as best we can, and then, away for the Infirmary.

It is a two-mile drive, and the moans of the poor lad, as the horse gives a jerk, or the hansom an extra shake, are very piteous. Nevertheless, he bears up like a man; and so, through crowds of tired holiday-makers returning from the stations, or jogging homewards in slow, covered waggons; past endless rows of shops, shuttered and deserted, as if there were no such things as business and money-getting, we drive rapidly through the Infirmary gate, and up to the porch which faces Mosley Street. Strange contrast, that ride, with a tortured, half-fainting sufferer—a strange contrast indeed, to the merry scene of a few minutes before! A word to the porter, scarcely a minute's delay, and a soft, comfortable looking couch is wheeled to the Infirmary door. Our patient is lifted out of the cab, by arms only too well accustomed to such work, is laid carefully upon the couch, is wheeled into a room on the left, and we are told that the doctor will be with him directly. We are in the Accident-room, fitted up principally with other moveable sofas like the one we have just called into use. How many scenes of suffering has this room witnessed, and how many poor fellows have blessed the hour when they were carried here, instead of being left to the discomforts of a wretched home, with its one bed-room, perhaps, and a crowd of little noisy children teazing the sick man into a fever! Even as we stand waiting, a woman is carried in, shrieking and struggling, and followed by a train of female friends, all crying and bemoaning themselves, as though every bone in her body was fractured. The doctor makes his appearance at the same moment. He soon dismisses the woman. "Sprained ankle. No need to make so much noise." Then, turning to our patient, "Leg broken; no doubt about that. Simple fracture. Soon be all right again." We may leave him, if we like. It will be "all right." We ask to remain, and see him safely in bed. "Oh, very well;" if it is any satisfaction to us, "certainly."

And now, how are we to describe the quickness and ease with which our patient is conveyed to bed, and deposited therein? The nurses upstairs have been communicated with. A certain room is indicated. Couch and patient are wheeled swiftly and noiselessly across a passage, and into

a hoist, directly opposite the Accident-room door. We follow. Another minute, and we are hoisted up—couch, patient, doctor, tall teacher, and ourself—hoisted to the third storey; the couch is wheeled into the corridor, past sundry doors, into the room already indicated—a room fresh, sweet, and clean, with four snowy white beds, three of them occupied, a fourth empty, but with the clean sheets turned down, ready for a tenant; and two nurses, neat and handy, and as much prepared for our visit as though they had known of it for a week before. A little caution in pulling the clothes from off the poor leg, and then our patient is undressed, wheeled alongside the bed, and gently placed in it. Such a good work, so well, so expeditiously, so neatly done, we never saw before; and we register a silent vow, that if ever we break or damage any part of our body, and have strength left to utter one word, that word shall be "Infirmary."

It only remains to say that the bone was set the next morning, and that our patient is going on most satisfactorily—as happy and cheerful, as who could fail to be, with such attention, care, and skilful handling as he has had paid him. We grow accustomed to blessings, and forgetful of them; but the blessing which the Infirmary proved to that poor lad on Whit-Friday, we hope we shall never forget. It formed a little episode, which we chronicle, not so much to interest the reader, as to thank a noble institution for one instance of its noble work, well done.

THE COUNTY CRICKET MATCH AT OLD TRAFFORD.

LANCASHIRE.—Mr. A. N. Hornby, Mr. F. W. Wright, Mr. E. B. Rowley, Mr. F. S. Head, Mr. A. Appleby; J. Ricketts, J. Smalley, R. Iddison, W. Hickton, C. Coward, and F. Reynolds. First Innings, 255; Second, 87; Total, 342.

SURREY.—H. Jupp, T. Humphrey, W. Trodd, G. Griffith, C. Hall, E. Pooley, W. Mortlock, H. H. Stephenson, R. Bristow, T. Buckle, and J. Southerton. First Innings, 209; Second, 132; Total, 341.

THE number of really interesting cricket matches with which the lovers of the national game in the north of England have been favoured, since the childish squabble between the cricketers of North and South, has been small. We do not include amongst interesting games those like the All England against some number of the Broughton: such games are utterly unexciting and worthless. County matches, like that played at the end of last week at Old Trafford, afford the only opportunities which occur to watch the play of the celebrities from the south. And the several contests which have taken place between Surrey and Lancashire have been sufficiently close to make the result a matter of uncertainty and interest.

It is quite possible that many people interested in the subject were unaware that the match was to take place. We believe no notice of the forthcoming contest appeared during the week in the daily papers, and the announcement on the Old Trafford 'buses was the only noticeable intimation of what was going on. The number of spectators at the opening of the game was very limited, of course those whose engagements permitted them to journey to Old Trafford on Thursday morning were few. As afternoon advanced, the numbers slightly increased, but on Thursday and Friday the attendance was the reverse of large. Some few enthusiasts there were, who discoursed learnedly about cricket and cricketers, criticised every hit, took large notes or "notched" industriously, and thereby discovered endless errors on the part of the authorised scorers. The weather had, perhaps, something to do with the scant attendance; for though dry and at times sunny, a bitter east wind swept across the ground. For the players it must have been wretched enough, but for the spectators it was simply intolerable. Winter overcoats and gloves were helpless against its inclemency, and those who were not so guarded, and who relied for warmth on the turned up coat collar, buttoned coat, or the immersion of their hands in trousers pockets, found by sad experience the little protection that could be thus gained. Those who could, sought the slight protection of the tents, and those who couldn't, crouched and cowered under the boarding on the shaded side of the field. All such measures were in vain, and at the close of day, chattering teeth, blue, cold faces, and frozen feet, told a tale of what had been endured. The appearance of the dealer in "Ormskirk" gingerbread was enough to excite tears of sympathy and pity. Bad trade must have added to his misery.

On Saturday things looked pleasanter, and watching became a more enjoyable pastime. The weather was bright and warm. Later it is true, on inquiry at the Botanical Gardens as to the non-appearance of either of the two bands which had been advertised to be there, we were informed that the very unsettled state of the weather was accountable for the disappointment of the promenaders; but the information filled us with astonishment and wonder. At a guess, fifteen hundred or two thousand people were present on the cricket ground; some of whom were constantly crossing the space immediately in a line with the bowler, thereby first exciting the ire of the whole body of fielders, and finally reducing all to despair by their persistence in wrong doing. A few had got themselves under the influence of beer. One gentleman in our vicinity was anxious beyond measure to invest fifty pounds on the result of the game. He offered fabulous odds, and was prepared to bet on or against either side, or any cricketer. Fortunately he was unable to find anyone unkind enough to take his offers, and at the close, in endeavouring to sit down, he lost at the same time his hat and his balance, and sank into gentle slumber. The vendor of correct cards "with the order on" as he reiterates with his peculiar cry and his inimitable tone, for the first time put in an official appearance. No grand match on a Saturday afternoon would be complete without him. The field was graced by the presence of several ladies, who listened to the Volunteer Band, which had appeared in an unexpected fashion, and must have wondered if they had heard the band of the 68th regiment, and at the contrast which two different bands can present. In this matter of the attendance of ladies, the matches at Old Trafford are strangely different from, and inferior to, those played on the Broughton ground. At Old Trafford so few ladies come that their appearance attracts attention and wonder. Rarely, if ever, are there more than half a dozen ladies on the field at the same time. At Broughton, on the other hand, cricket matches are turned into promenades. Crowds of fashionably dressed people attend, who criticise the dress and appearance of others, or busy themselves with small-talk and gossip, without troubling themselves to pay the smallest heed to anything that is going on in the field, a course of conduct which is honest in so far that ninety-nine out of a hnndred ladies know nothing whatever of the game.

The names of the Lancashire team read well, there being perhaps only two in the list which could be objected to, or whose claims to represent the county could be seriously disputed. Whilst on the Surrey side three out of the eleven names were new, and comparatively unknown to fame, with names yet to make as county men. The first innings of the Surrey made things look a little uncomfortable for the Lancashire. The batting was good, especially that of the grand old cricketer Griffiths, who scored most of his runs without giving anything like a chance. Our county shows to least advantage in the field. This is an inevitable consequence from the circumstances. Lancashire has really no eleven which can be considered *par excellence* its county eleven. Some four professionals may always be counted on, but for the rest everything is uncertain. Such of the distinguished or promising gentlemen players as can spare time are put down. Of necessity there are few who are at liberty for every county match. Thus it probably never happens that exactly the same eleven play together twice during the season. Naturally, such parts of the game as require combined work are done indifferently, and there is great looseness and uncertainty in their way of fielding. Nothing could well have been worse than the fielding of the Lancashire during the first innings of the Surrey. Catches were missed constantly. No chance, for missing which the smallest excuse existed, was taken. In most instances, the ball was badly picked up and thrown in. The wicket-keeping was not what we had expected from the immense reputation of the wicket-keeper, and the long-stopping was slovenly in the extreme; in both points showing to disadvantage when compared with the same points in their opponents, though any such comparison is perhaps unfair. As might be expected, in batting, the success of which depends more on individual than combined effort, the Lancashire men were much less open to criticism. The hitting was hard and free, the run-getting fast, and the total score eminently satisfactory. Even here, the disadvantage of so seldom playing together

showed itself, for, in the case of doubtful runs, it never happened that the two batters were ready to run at the same moment; thus, runs were often lost, and, at times, a wicket was put in danger. The weak point of the Surrey eleven is unquestionably the bowling, and to its extremely moderate character the large score of their opponents must, in part, be ascribed. In the second innings of the Surrey, the fielding of the Lancashire improved in a wonderful manner, and became eager and close, suggesting that great things might be accomplished in that branch of cricket, if more frequent opportunities of combined play existed. Mr. Appleby's bowling was irreproachable, and accounted for the small score made by the Surrey.

The match ended, as everybody knows, in a manner altogether pleasing to our county feelings and sympathies. The victory of the Lancashire was easy and complete; and the youngest and least celebrated of the cricketing counties had the pleasure of gaining a triumph over one of the oldest and the most renowned of its compeers.

AN EVENING WITH THE CHRISTIAN BRETHREN.

WHAT "the weary King Ecclesiast" wrote concerning the making of books is equally true regarding the formation of religious sects, of which it would seem that verily there is no end. Churchmen and Dissenters are pretty strongly defined in their differences, but on the outer fringe of the larger sects are little gatherings of men whose peculiar views are but vaguely shadowed forth in their names. Who is to tell what distinguishes from each other such sects as Bible Christians, Plymouth Brethren, Christian Disciples, and Christian Brethren? To attempt to solve the theological questions that separate them would indeed be a weariness to the flesh and a burden to the spirit; but this, happily, is not within our purpose. We have, however, an interest in knowing what manner of men they are, and how they choose to worship; and, for this end, we occasionally visit their temples, to join in their services, in what we trust they will believe to be a kindly and reverential spirit.

Grosvenor Street, All Saints', seems to be a chosen place for these waifs and strays (we were going to say Pariahs) of Christian sects. We had occasion recently to visit the Secularists here located, the result of which we have already given to our readers. We then noticed that, divided from these in space by the width of a street, but in religious thought and opinion by a distance wide as the poles, were the Christian Brethren, and beside them the Christian Disciples. Thus, the Everlasting No stood confronting the Everlasting Yea. Occasionally, we believe, from one or both of the Christian sects, champions are sent forth on a holy crusade, into the camp of the Secularists, to throw down the guage of battle on the side of Christian truth. Of the results of these encounters, we have no chronicle. Having explored the Everlasting No, we had a curiosity to visit its antagonism as displayed in the Christian Brethren; and, a Sunday or two ago, turned our steps in the direction of their upper room, in the before-named street. We found, however, that they had left the scene of their lengthened labours for a new sphere of action; not having been beaten by their opponents, but departing in triumph, to a new meeting-house in Bloomsbury. Thither we went, and found it, so far as the outside goes, in the shape of as plain a building as could have been constructed for the purpose. Passing through the doorway, we found ourselves in a spacious and cheerful room, lighted mainly from the roof, and capable of accommodating several hundred persons. This building, we understand, has been erected at a cost of £1,200.

From the appearance of the place, the first reflection that occurred to us concerning the Brethren was, that there must be a considerable amount of asceticism in their creed. They evidently despise outward adornments, as their meeting-house presents no attraction of ornament. Benches are used instead of pews; and this, with a plain table and a desk in lieu of pulpit, completes the furniture of the place. Art has, therefore, little or no place in their worship, and the inference from this fact must be, that their creed is intensely subjective. Other sects attach various degrees of importance to architectural and other aids to the expression of religious thought, but the Christian Brethren sternly set these aside. Whether it be that art is by them considered to be idolatrous in its tendency, or merely the expression of man's vanity, or whether it is by them valued at all, we know not. As one of their ideas of worship is simplicity, or the form of it, we should suppose this arises from a stern, puritanical dislike to show. Doubtless, they may consider that religion, like beauty, when unadorned's adorned the most. The service was as simple and primitive as the place. No musical aids, by choir or organ, were used. A tune to each hymn was started by some one, and got through as well as possible.

Here then, in this meeting-house of Christian Brethren, we found ourselves at one of the extreme poles of Christian worship, and thought of the great gulf that lay between the gorgeous ritual of the Church of Rome and the simple exercise which these plain men regarded as all that was needful. Glancing round at the congregation, we seemed to read in their countenances an explanation of this. Very grave and thoughtful faces they were, of that strong religious type in which a sense of solemn duty seems to override any sentimental feeling. They numbered some two hundred or so, many of them, apparently, being of the working class. They have no stated minister, the reading and expounding of the scriptures being left to certain recognised leaders. They allow no heresy or false doctrine to creep into their belief, which is one of pure and simple faith in the literal inspiration and interpretation of the scriptures. No scientific doubts are allowed to shake their implicit child-like confidence; no geological speculation concerning the creation or duration of the earth are ever permitted to displace the Mosaic account; no heretical Colenso finds toleration here; for if the facts of science do not accord with the inspired Word, then, so much the worse for science and its facts. Where each man is allowed to be his own exponent of scripture, it is difficult to see how differences of opinion can be avoided, and that such does occasionally happen is shown by the fact that the Christian Brethren were once, in some way, associated with the Plymouth Brethren, but that some heresy crept in, and the Christian Brethren were of those who rejected the intruding error.

In the evening, it is found convenient to appoint one of the number to conduct the services, which are free to all who choose to attend. On the occasion of our visit, the Scriptures were read and expounded in a serious and earnest way, by a gentleman who carried out in his discourse the principles of the sect in all their strictness. It is not for us to pronounce any opinion upon those views, but faithfully to record them, as far as our knowledge extends. We respect and reverence the worship of all men, however peculiar the forms and principles may be, so long as the worshippers are sincere and earnest. While we joined in the services of these plain and humble men, we thought of Puritans and Covenanters who, in spite of asceticism, lived pure, good, and holy lives; and, though we might think that there was displayed an unwise disregard of intellectual truth, we remembered that, as far as any real knowledge of the Unseen goes, the best of us are but

> As children crying in the night,
> As children crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry.

A LEGAL FARCE, IN THREE ACTS.

From the Guardian, Thursday, May 27th:—

DESERTION OF A CHILD.—At the Salford Town Hall, yesterday, before Mr. Trafford, a woman, named Annie Burns, was charged with deserting her infant child. Detective Barrington said he apprehended the prisoner in Poland Street, Hulme, on Tuesday evening, for deserting her child, which she had left the same day in the doorway of a house in Barrow Street. When charged with the offence she replied, "It's all right; I will go to prison before I have it." The child had been found and attended to by a woman named Lawley.—The prisoner pleaded guilty.—Mr. Trafford said the prisoner would have to be discharged, as the offence, according to the evidence, did not come within the meaning of the act. The child had been left in a doorway or passage, which could not be construed as a destitute place.

In other words, a screaming farce successfully performed by a stipendiary magistrate and a woman who had pleaded guilty to an unnatural crime, the desertion of her infant child. A farce in three acts. There is the criminal act, the desertion of the child, an act deliberately planned and deliberately executed, according to the mother's own statement. There is the legal "act," an act without a meaning, if Mr. Trafford is to be credited—an act which makes "killing no murder" if done in a doorway, desertion no crime in certain localities. And, finally, there is the magisterial act, whereby a cold-blooded offender against the laws of God and man—a woman who has outraged the name of woman—is dismissed, though pleading guilty, and willing to be punished, if the punishment only release her from the care of her infant—dismissed, it may be, to seek another doorway, where, protected by law, she may get rid of her burden once more, and perhaps successfully.

It is a common saying that a coach and four may be driven through any and every Act of Parliament, but, under Mr. Trafford's rule, it would seem as if a train-full of criminals may ride safely and triumphantly through a court of Justice. With many thanks to the stipendiary magistrate for his admirable definition of what constitutes, or rather, does *not* constitute, a "destitute place," we must respectfully suggest that the most "destitute place" under the sun, on Wednesday, May 26th, 1869, was the Salford Town Hall—destitute, that is to say, of common sense and common justice.

G. TWIGG'S Patent Corkscrews. The most powerful ever invented, and being provided with a patent India-rubber pad, which forms an elastic cushion for the neck, they are warranted not to break the bottle. Manufactory: 80, Mosley Road, Birmingham.—Sold by all Ironmongers.

A PROTEST FROM ALTRINCHAM.

[FROM THE ALTRINCHAM AND BOWDON GUARDIAN.]

IN *The Sphinx* there appeared a fortnight ago an article which, under the head of "Holiday Notes," gave an account of "A Walk to Rostherne." The paper is well written, and is a good description of the scenes of a lovely walk, to the beauties of which ample justice has been rendered. In the course of the paper, however, the writer in one brief, dashing paragraph so completely extinguishes Altrincham, that the *Guardian* of that old town would be guilty of a dereliction of duty if he did not, at the least, enter his mild protest against the fiat of *The Sphinx*. The passage in question is as follows:—"Our ticket (a second class return) will take us or bring us back from either of the two last stations (Altrincham and Bowdon). It suits us best to get out at Altrincham—"Sleepy Hollow" would be a more correct name. An empty Market-place, some quaint old houses, a great many new ones, the Unicorn Hotel, and an uglier church than is to be found anywhere else within seven miles of the Manchester Exchange,—and, goodness knows, this is saying a great deal!—and there you have the place!"

There, after that, Altrincham will not even be able to "hide its diminished head," for has not the extinguisher of *The Sphinx* so completely shut it out from the world that its only resource is to curl itself up within its "sleepy hollow" and go of into a sleep that will last for ages. Is the above description of Altrincham correct? No one in Altrincham will recognise the picture. It is tolerably correct of *so much* of Altrincham as *The Sphinx* saw, but that was but a small portion of an extensive township. He has evidently fallen into the mistake so common amongst Manchester people, and for which the Manchester South Junction Railway Company are mainly answerable, that Altrincham and Bowdon Stations are situated in the respective townships whose names they bear. The writer says it suited him best to get out at Altrincham; if he had got out at the so-called Bowdon Station, he would have been quite as much "at Altrincham" as at the former. From his description it is evident that he walked up the quiet street from the station to the Unicorn Hotel, seeing no more of Altrincham than is to be seen in and around the Market-place, for he describes his walk thence as by Dunham Road, where at St. Margaret's Church he would be in the township of Dunham. That we are correct in this assumption is evident from the article itself. The writer speaks of *one* church at Altrincham, and one each at Dunham and Bowdon. He ignores the existence of the handsome new church of St. John the Evangelist, near *Bowdon* Station, but in Altrincham. He evidently knows nothing of the busy thoroughfares and long line of shops from Bowdon to Altrincham stations, but all in the latter township. The district of New Town near *Bowdon* station but in Altrincham, with its teeming population of working people is evidently a *terra incognita* to the lofty eye of *The Sphinx*. The truth is the township of Altrincham, extending from Broadheath to the top of the Downs, is nearly a mile and a half in length, and contains at the present moment probably 10,000 people, and the population continues increasing very rapidly. The census of 1861 gave Altrincham, 6,600; Bowdon, 1,800; Dunham, 1,700. The portion of the two latter which join Altrincham as well as a portion of Hale, all four being as it were dovetailed together, have within a short circuit a population of not less than 15,000 at the present time, and of that at least two-thirds belong to Altrincham. No one who comes and sees Altrincham in its entirety will speak of it as "sleepy hollow." It has no manufactures, hence is much resorted to by manufacturers and merchants as "a happy valley" where they may escape from the turmoil of traffic. To supply the wants and minister to the comfort of such residents and their families, there are not only a large number of highly respectable shopkeepers, but many young people who assist in such buisnesses, and a still larger number of working people engaged in a great variety of avocations, such as the peculiarity of the neighbourhood requires. When the *Sphinx* again takes a walk in this direction we shall be happy to show him that "Sleepy Hollow," as applied to Altrincham, is a misnomer.

Let us give him another wrinkle or two. At Brookland Station he wonders "where the place is; for we see nothing and nobody from the station." When you next pass that way, good *Sphinx*, open those calm, impassive eyes a little wider. The name of the station does not refer to any village or hamlet, but literally to Brooks' lands, villas built on land belonging to the late Samuel Brooks, Esq., stretching for a mile or more to the right and left of the line, and for the accommodation of their inhabitants the station was built, and appropriately named Brooklands. At Timperley he wonders whether anybody "ever goes from Manchester to Stockport or Liverpool by that roundabout route." We do not believe that anybody ever does go from Manchester to Stockport that way. They would be something more than foolish who would travel seventeen miles instead of six, but we must remind our friend that the branch line which he sees to the left, after passing Timperley, is the Warrington and Stockport Railway, between which towns it saves miles of travelling, whilst at the same time it opens up a route to London without the necessity of going to Manchester, which is largely made use of by people of Altrincham, Bowdon, Knutsford, and many other places. As to going to Liverpool *viâ* Timperley, some Manchester people avail themselves of a pleasant route, which is only four miles longer than the old line by Newton, and shorter than that by Bolton, whilst to those who live on the South Junction Line it is the shortest as well as the best.

[Our matter-of-fact contemporary is evidently a very encyclopædia of information. Has he any sense of humour? EDITOR *Sphinx*.]

Correspondence.

THE ACCIDENT AT A GYMNASIUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—The accident to a youth whilst engaged in gymnastic exercises, of which you made mention in your last issue, did not occur at the Pendleton Mechanics' Institution, but, as I have been given to understand, in the gymnasium connected with the Working People's Hall, John Street, Pendleton. By inserting this correction in your next number, you will oblige, yours, &c.,

JAMES CLAY, Jun., Hon. Sec.

Mechanics' Institution, Pendleton, June 2, 1869.

BANDS AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—As it was advertised in last Saturday's paper that there would be two bands in attendance at the Botanical Gardens, I went in the afternoon, expecting to hear them. But, bands there were none. I most certainly should not have gone had I known that such would have been the case; and I know not how many more entered the gardens under the impression that they were going to hear some good music, and were, like myself, doomed to disappointment. Possibly they did not know at the gardens, until Saturday morning, that the bands would be unable to attend; but, at any rate, they have no right to receive money from people without putting up a notice at the gates—a written one would do, if there was not time to print one—or, at least, informing everyone as they entered. In my case, as well as others, they did not do even this. I think that such a gross breach of faith with the public deserves censure, and I trust you will give it the publicity it deserves, by inserting this communication; and oblige, yours respectfully,

AN AMATEUR MUSICIAN.

June 2, 1869.

LANDSEER AND MILLAIS.—Sir Edwin Landseer has, it is said, sold his great work in the Academy—the Swannery invaded by Sea Eagles—to the Marquis of Northampton, for four thousand guineas. Mr. Millais's portrait—Vanessa—has found a purchaser at the price of £700.

NEW READING OF SHAKESPERE.—Various are the readings of Shakespere, and many are the blunders of his printers. Of the latter we have an amusing instance:—In *Cymbeline*, where Cloten serenades Imogen, he says—"It is a vice in her ears, which horse hairs and cat-guts . . . can never amend." In the handy volume of Shakespere lately published in London the passage is thus given—"A *voice* in her ear which horse-hair and *calf's-gut* . . can never amend."

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MANCHESTER ARTISTS AT THE ACADEMY.

MR. Thomas Armstrong has contributed a picture entitled Hay Time to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. It is thus described by the art-critic of the *Globe* (Mr. Sidney Colvin :—

Nothing can be more artistic than the aims of this picture, and nothing more delicate than its sentiment. Work is over for the day, and three girls who have been among the haymakers are loitering in the evening air before they pass in through the garden to their house, to have tea. One of them shoulders a rake; the other a baby (which will probably catch cold, but *that* dosen't matter; we do not think that any one of them is its mother). In the disposition of these three upright figures there is something perhaps a little mechanical, and they are hardly doing anything interesting enough to fill so large a canvas; but they are each of them drawn with entire grace and refinement. The system of colour adopted in the piece is the result of careful arrangement as well as sensitive instinct, and is thoroughly enjoyable. The painting is of a tentative and cautious kind; and the work looks slightly flat and effaced, an effect which is, however, not inappropriate to the evening light. We could desire a little less opacity in the sky. On the whole, however, we think this is quite the best, as it is visibly the largest, picture that its author has exhibited: we find it delightful to the eye as well as delightfully suggestive to the other senses as a reminder of sight and sound and pleasant heat of June.

The *Times* critic notices the following works of local artists of the same exhibition :—

A French name, C. A. Du Val, is attached to a potrait of W. Fairbairn, of Manchester, an impressive and very life-like version of a rugged, but massive and thoughtful head. As if to bear out our theory that variety of work vivifies portraiture, we find the same name attached to a broadly effective picture of moonlight at sea, with fishing boats. M. Du Val, whether French or English, "hails" from Manchester.

W. C. E. Johnson, who won his first laurels as a painter not of ships, but of boats and barges, not of "blue water," but of Hastings beach-surf and the muddy reaches of Thames and Medway, has always deserved praise for his courage in attacking new and various subjects. This year he merits that praise as much as ever. His most important picture represents "The Last of the Spanish Armada," one of the Duke of Medina Sidonia's great galleons stranded on a wild shore of the Western Isles, or Argyleshire, in that storm which completed the destruction of the Armada during its attempt to return to Spain by rounding Scotland. The three-masted galleon has been driven into a bay among high hills; the savage natives, in their dresses of skins, have crowded down to the edge of the rocks, on which the huge hull is beating out her timbers; her masts have not yet gone by the board, though it is hard to understand how they did not go directly after she struck. But her tackling is rent, her colours torn away, her broad sails hang in tatters, and the sea is master of her unpeopled deck. There is no sign of life on board that we can see. Driving rain, cloud, mountain-mist, and spindrift from the surf confuse the limits of sea and land, of mountain and sky. The weakest point in the picture, unluckily, is the sea, which, in comparison with the rest of the work, seems poor, fussy, and unreal. But, in spite of this, this is one of the noteworthy landscapes of the year. Mr. Johnson's other pictures "Harvest Time; Evening," and "Loading Timber,' are true to nature and excellently lighted—the one by warm evening sun, the other by the cool, broad brightness of autumnal midday.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester.

ERRATA.

In the sketch of Ambleside, in last week's *Sphinx*, for "Stock Shyll force" read "Stock Ghyll force;" for "Elleroy" read "Elleray;" and for

the nodding morning shade
Of Birnam wood,

in Hartley Coleridge's lines on the rushbearing, read

the nodding moving shade
Of Birnam wood.

The author of the *French Mastery Manual* referred to in the article "A Parley about Parlez Vous" is Mr. Alfred Coignou, and not Coignon, as printed.

In the article on *School*, for "Naom Tijhe" read "Naomi Tighe."

The opening sentence of the second paragraph in the article on "The Cathedral Organ" should read as follows :—"'An organ should be heard and not seen' is an axiom in things ecclesiastical; and, in almost every cathedral and even parish church in process of restoration, one of the first steps towards renovation is the removal of the organ from its usually conspicuous position in the west end, to its proper position, in or near the chancel."

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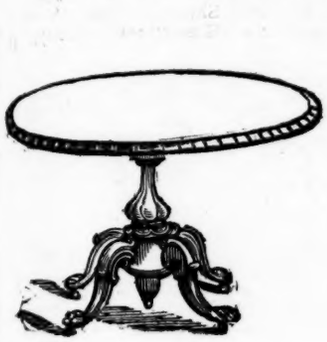

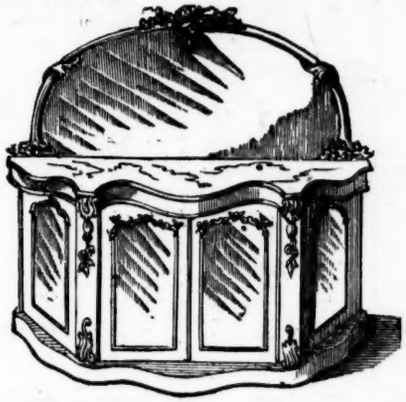

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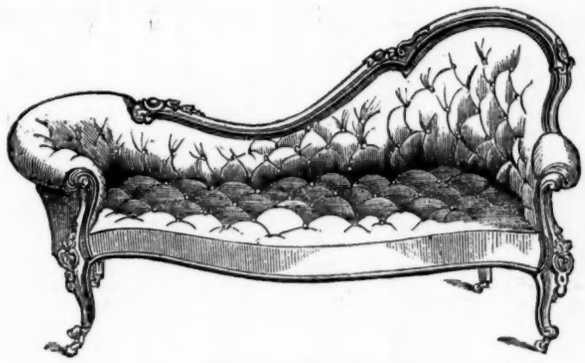

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